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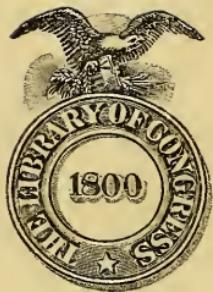
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At Vesper Time

by

Ruth Baldwin Chenery





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At Vesper Time

Poems

By

Ruth Baldwin Chenery

II

Le cœur a ses raisons que la raison ne connaît point.

PASCAL.

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Vol 1

To

WINTHROP AND ALICE

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At Vesper Time

MAN

What though from something even base I sprang,
Some ape-like figure of a primal age,
Not even the strong thrall of heritage,
Could bind me, when a thrilling voice outrang;
“Go, cleave thy way, nor fear the serpent’s
fang,
Not even subtle Death; for thou shalt wage
A noble strife, and rise from stage to stage,
Till reason sway thee.” So the summons rang!
And I obeyed; and woman at my side,
Her tresses blown against me, fared with me
At feast or famine, and upon her knees
Tended our young; and we, awed by the wide,
Star-lighted night, found God, and shaped our
plea:
“Let mighty Love outlast the stars and seas!”

WOMAN

In that dark cave, I heard my firstling's cry,
And hushed him on my breast, until he came,
My lord the hunter, that could kill or tame
The wild things of the wood, that crouch or fly;
He snatched the fish from water, and could ply
His magic with a stone and bid a flame
Make his feast ready. Oh! in pride, not shame,
I gave the child to him; I knew not why.
And so down through the ages have I borne
This miracle of life, defying death,
So that my woman's love might take this form;
God of the star-lit Night! God of the Morn!
I have no joy like watching that light breath
Heave in the tiny chest, after the storm!

MARCUS AURELIUS

How strange it seems that thou shouldst speak
to us

Far down the centuries; and that thy voice,
August and bland, despite the tumult wild
Of warring years, should still go sounding on!
So may it sound forever! Like a bell
That calls to prayer, it bids us turn away
From smoothest sophistries that hem us in,
To gaze like thee, with mild and faithful eyes,
On Truth in her majestic purity.

WHEN BEATRICE LOOKED ON DANTE

When Beatrice looked on Dante from afar,
Down from the wide and smiling fields of
heaven,
And she beheld him sitting with wan cheek
And brows austere, judging the souls of men,
Haling those great ones down to deepest hell,
And dooming with a curse that sorrowing pair
To whirl through the dim space an endless age,
I think she mused: "O Dante, much I grieve
That thou shouldst lade thyself with heavy cares,
That only the great heart of God may carry;
Oh, when I see thee weigh thy brother's soul
In thy frail balance, and with look intense
Mete out his weary doom and seal his fate,
But that I have forgotten how to weep,
 My tears would fall!"

SAINT AUGUSTINE

Saint Augustine! above the sons of men
Of thine own time, thou seemest still to tower,
Strong and invincible; and yet the power
That made thee king among thy fellows, when
A will of adamant or fire-tipped pen
Was needed, lay slumbering through the flower
Of aimless, misspent youth, a wasted dower
Of golden days, never to come again.
When that diviner self within thee woke,
It cast the dreamer out, and unbeguiled,
Clear-sighted, thou didst leave the clod
And mire forever, and a prophet spoke
From out thy lips unto the world—defiled,
Thou hadst become a very son of God.

GLADSTONE

May 19, 1898

Gladstone is dead, and English hearts beat low
In their thick-peopled isles with sense of loss;
In thronging cities, and in dim retreats
Of cloistered scholars, falls alike the shade
Grief casts on kindred brows; and flashed afar,
The solemn message smites upon the soul
Of all of English blood on the wide earth—
With not less pain on homeward looking men
That serve in that broad empire of the East,
And them that build a younger England there,
Surged round by the Australian seas.
And we thine Anglo-Saxon kinsmen sigh,
And look with reverent eyes upon thy grief—
We, all unused to clang of arms, so fain
To sit and brood in peace, must lift the shield,
And draw the sword for them that strive in vain.
Gladstone, thou dost not know, but not the less
We gather comfort and remember yet
Thy ringing counsel, when the subtle Turk

Ground the Armenian faces in the dust.
“England,” thou criedst, “redress this bloody
wrong;
Arise and act, or from the mother-tongue
Blot out the name of honor!”

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Died April 15, 1865

Go carve enduring marbles with his name,
Who bore the martyr's palm branch in his
prime,
But let some deathless song preserve his fame,
When these shall crumble in the wastes of
time.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

“New birth of our new soil, the first American.”

LOWELL'S *Commemoration Ode*.

Great-hearted Man, how bold are they that dare
To wind a newer laurel for thy name,
To heap up praise upon thy full-grown fame,
Or round an aureole for thy silvered hair;
For one immortal ode beyond compare,
Recites thy worth in words of such acclaim,
That we no other praise have power to frame,
O, Bearer of a nation's grief and care.
But we that may not praise, may love thee yet,
As well as he that sang the verse sublime,
For thou wert ours, O Heart, the nation's stay,
Thou Sage and Martyr! see, our eyes are wet
With tears of grateful pride, that in our time
A man so god-like, walked our common way.

JAMES A. GARFIELD

Died September 19, 1881

Thou, too, O Martyr, unto thee shall rise
 The incense, Praise shall offer to the few,
Who wait unwelcome Death, with fearless eyes,
 When life is sweetest and when fame is new.

WILLIAM McKINLEY

Died September 14, 1901

And thou, O gentle and O knightly Soul!
No sudden treachery could draw thee down
To render hate for hate; thy dying dole
Of mercy is not least of thy renown.

EMERSON

Great men shall praise, with words that may
endure,
This Seer-Scholar, who from all the lore
Of ancient races drew the pith and strength,
And fused it with his own for human needs;
But if he hear their praise, will not his smile,
Wise and half-sad, forbid their eulogy?
Let his great thoughts enlarge a nation's life,
And let the virile music of his verse
Awake its slumbering purpose into deeds!
Be this his praise and immortality.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

Hawthorne, I would upon thy magic page
That men might linger long and, pond'ring,
 find
A knowledge that might help them with their
 kind,
And so be gentler for thy sake; the age
Doth need thy potent teaching, poet-sage.
Thou knewest all the tumult in the mind,
When the vexed soul is torn with motions blind
That beat against the will, in helpless rage.
The thoughts of children oped before thy look
Like snowy flowers that the Spring meadows
 star;
Thou knew'st how Vestals pray, and heard'st
 how loud
The heart of manhood beats, that cannot brook
To stand and wait, when Hope soars high and
 far,
Like some swift bird that seeks the dazzling
 cloud,

LONGFELLOW

Thy songs, belovèd Bard, are household words;
Our daily task hath been enriched by thee
With lovely phrases and the minstrelsy,
That sings despite the care that life engirds,
Of that green Arcady, and flocks and herds;
And that sweet Lady with the Lamp shall be
Our shining light; and blessed they that see
A gospel in Saint Francis and the birds,
But in thy brook-like measures' limpid flow,
The singer finds his joy, and his despair,
So simple and so perfect is thine art;
And only poets like to thee may show
The sonnet's power to mount a spirit-stair,
And reach a height that overwhelms the heart.

EDWARD EVERETT HALE

Thou, Leader among men! what hast thou done,
That often at the mention of thy name
In a far land, strangers strike hands and claim
A common brotherhood? Their pulses run
In loyal rhythms beneath the foreign sun;
And love of country, springing like a flame,
Thrills warm at heart and lip, and her dear fame
Wakes manly joy and moves them both as one.
So hast thou quickened patriot love and pride;
And greater works than this thy hand hath
wrought,
When thou hast lifted, stained with self and sin,
Sad penitents, while on the other side
The stately Pharisee, without a thought,
Left thee alone to bring the kingdom in.

PEARY

What lured thee forth, brave spirit, for no gain
In heaped up gold awaited thee at end
Of the long toil that ever must contend
With Nature at her sternest, on the main
Of stormy waters lashed with frozen rain,
Tossing by night, while bitter winds descend;
Or toiling over ice fields, that extend
Their cruel spaces, plain on endless plain.
Some strong heroic impulse led thee on,
Some high disdain of softness and of ease,
Steeled all thy nerves and breathed within thy
soul;
God moved on that high mood and all was won;
He urged thee on, o'er hungry lands and seas,
Till the cold, secret North, revealed the pole.

SHAKESPEARE

Shakespeare, thy mighty name hath power to fill
The mind with images of men that strive
Or love, or quarrel; and thou mak'st alive
Those gorgeous kings and queens of old, until
We seem the dream; thy midnight fairies still
Dance light, or steal the honey from the hive;
Deep forests see sweet Rosalind arrive,
With gesture gay, and laugh like mountain rill.
Thou art not England's Shakespeare, thou art

ours—

The World's—forever young, defying age;
Poets are the proud trumpet of thy name,
And sun them at the zenith of thy powers;
Imperial Rome looms greater for thy page;
Cæsar will live the longer in thy fame.

WORDSWORTH

“The Poet, gentle creature,
Hath like the lover his unruly times,
His fits when he is neither sick nor well.”
The Prelude.

Poet benign, with floating silver hair,
And mien so full of conscious dignity,
As one born to the realm of Poesy,
Sweeping the lyre to song that may compare
With Milton’s own, when on the charmèd air
He breathed the sweet and solemn mystery
Of strains not all of earth, part heavenly,
Half music and half thought, in fusion rare,
But, O dear Poet, when the prose hours came,
You bade them welcome, and would not perceive
That the Pierian Spring had ceased to flow;
While Shelley murmured at thy Muse’s fame,
Lo! all at once, thy sky-born thoughts would
weave
New spells, and winds from high Parnassus
blow.

KEATS

Thou Lover of all beauty, and so fain
To find it in a rosy Hebe-face;
Or in the revels on a Grecian vase;
Or where some haunting music must complain;
Or in Endymion, soaring to the plain
Where Phœbe floats in her immortal grace;
Or in the shadows of some wooded place,
Where Saturn might have kept his ancient reign.
And yet, although thy being could respond
So utterly to these, the joys of sense,
A deeper thought would all thy mind endue,
Finding an inner meaning far beyond;
Holding with Goethe, as we all must hence,
That “nothing but the beautiful is true.”

CARLYLE

Heroic Carlyle, on thy furrowed brow,
Fame lays her cool hand in all tenderness;
She knows thee now, and gladly must confess
The greatness that could never cringe or bow
To power or place; and yet, that could allow
To merit, linked with place and power, no less
Than praise; Fame greets thee now and would
redress

The old blind judgments she must disavow.
Thou couldst not look upon the storied past
As one unmoved; we feel thy man's heart beat
With scorn, or sympathy; but take thy rest;
Thou hast lived all too much in labors vast,
In searching out world-secrets; now how sweet
To sleep indeed; God's peace within thy breast.

TENNYSON

January 31, 1890

Poet, thy songs from out the years come down
Laden with music of the brook and lea,
With whispers of the leaves on woodland tree,
With notes of lark and mavis, sounds that crown
The Maytime, while their happy clamors
drown

The murmurs of the distant, glimmering sea;
And myriad voices rise, with minstrelsy
Of Arthur's court, met in the forest brown.
And now, I hear to silver clarion blown
Thy lay of England's banner in the East;
But most thy lofty song of Love and Death
Hath stirred the pulse, and still its thrilling
tone
Shall sound through forward time, a voice
released,
And souls to be shall quicken at its breath.

ON TENNYSON'S "IN MEMORIAM"

Above the murmur of thy bitter sighs,
And those keen cries of grief wrung from the
soul,
I hear the music of thy prelude roll
To that "Strong Son of God" the Heavenly-
Wise;
In all thy musings under sombre skies,
And in thy longings, passionate with pain,
It sounds again in pathos of refrain,
More subtly than soft clouds of incense rise.
In all the tender hymning of thy love,
Thy splendid strivings after Faith that pries
Through Nature, weary of her stony face,
The rhythms of thy deep measures onward
move
To that full harmony that underlies
The deepest mysteries of time and space.

TENNYSON ON HIS OWN “IN MEMORIAM”

“Ere these have clothed their branchy bowers
With fifty Mays, thy songs are vain.”

The English Oaks have “clothed their branchy
bowers”

For more than fifty Mays, and yet thy songs
Live on, O Poet, for to them belongs
Ascetic grace, as pure as Alpine flowers;
And that immortal grief of thine still showers
With blessing of immortal words, the throngs
That still their weeping, while their spirit longs
For faith like thine, that over doubt still towers.
The oaks shall wither, and their green shall be
An ancient memory, yet no eclipse
Shall fall upon thy noblest and thy best:
English as Nelson! with a soul as free,
Master of poesy, as he of ships,
Thy fame, like his, writ in the English breast!

DICKENS

Upon the beaten road of life we fare,
Sometimes in glorious sunshine, and again,
Gazing through the thick mist of tears; but
men

Have found a friend in thee, one who will share
Their daily joys and sorrows, and will dare
To fling the gauntlet, and take up the pen,
Attacking coward wrong, in thieving den,
Or cruel school, or Pharisaic prayer.

But in thy gentler aspects, thou hast taught
How much of steadfast faith and love hold fast
Within the breasts of men, and thou hast shown
To us our foibles, not concealing aught;
We wince at first, then smile, and at the last,
Yield to Homeric laughter like thine own.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

Hast thou forgotten, Master, all the play
Of the old magic in that busy brain,
That wove with subtle warp and woof, a train
Of fancies weird, or jocund as the day?
Hast thou forgotten all the mystic sway
Of Poesy, that sings a deep refrain,
For “love of lovely words?” Oh, all in vain!
No answer cometh, though we long delay.
Yet though these gracious gifts be overpast,
Thou canst not die; for greater far than these
Was that strong soul of thine that swept deceit
From out thy path, and turned thee first and
last,
With faith that shamed the bigot, to the seas,
Or lands, where God might lead thy weary feet.

IBSEN

Like some old Viking, thou, that from the prow
Of his rude sea craft gazed across the main,
Choosing whom he should conquer; yet again
He lives in thee, and doth with power endow
To shake not lands, but souls, that can but bow
To thy stern buffetings, for thou art fain,
Like some relentless fate, scorning at pain,
To brand mankind upon the breast and brow.
Yet as thy fiords lie gleaming in the sun,
When the Norwegian summer spreads its bloom
After the winter, so oftentimes, thy page
Shimmers with a poetic beauty, won
From inspiration that casts out the gloom,
And sends forth rays to last from age to age.

ZOLA

Thy books, men say, are terrible and dark,
Thronging with sullen shapes of sin, that haunt
The chambers of the brain, with power to daunt
The stoutest heart; I know not, I but mark
Thy glorious deed, thy courage sheer and stark,
In that dread time, when Dreyfus, worn and
gaunt,
Endured on that lone isle a nation's taunt,
Until life dwindled to a flickering spark.
Then, O thou great Accuser! then didst thou
Stand up in wrath, defying Martial Pride
And those smooth Clerics; in thy bold advance,
Hurling the truth, making a mighty vow
To spend thyself for him, and breast the tide
Of raging hate, to wipe a stain from France.

CYRANO DE BERGERAC

No page of drama, no, not Shakespeare's own,
Projects a bolder form and face than thine;
No prouder soul e'er heard the voice divine
Of Poesy, when in her trumpet tone
She calls to gallant deeds; but not alone
To arms she called, she waked that heart of
thine
To deathless love, yet bade thee to resign
All hope; but breathing fervent line on line,
You won a lover's prayer, but not thine own—
And yet, ah yet, my noble Gascon! thou,
Hating the false, and scorning compromise,
Died'st playing out a part, nor let thine own
High nature, writ upon that suff'ring brow,
Claim its own due, till in that fierce surprise
Where hand to hand with Death, thou fought'st
alone.

TO JOSEPH JEFFERSON

It must be sweet to feel thy power,
To know that thousands wait to greet
Thy coming, with the joyous shower
Of welcome thou dost always meet.

But when thou speakest, silence falls
On that great throng, that not one word
Of thine be wasted; mute the walls
That echoed when the greeting stirred.

Then wave-like, laughter falls and flows,
And lightly care is blown away;
While all the spirit inly glows;
Life is forgotten in the play.

Ah then! the pathos of thine air,
The magic of thy voice, shall change
The subtle spell and waken there,
In deeper hearts, a tremor strange.

For one shall lift a deathless song,
And one shall poise his Hermes fair,
And one shall live to trample wrong,
And one shall offer wingèd prayer.

But thou, O Player, hast the grace
To touch and teach the human heart.
God's love be with thee and thy race,
And may it nevermore depart!

Then sweet indeed shall rest be found
Beneath thy trees and swaying vines,
Lulled by the wave and the dear sound
Of children's voices in the pines.

JEANNE D'ARC

A peasant maid! she led her flock of sheep
Along the sunny pastures to the stream,
Moving her lips in prayer as in a dream,
Wrapped in a mystery profound and deep,
Where heavenly voices call her to a steep
And rugged path, on which she sees a gleam
Of light ineffable; so shall it beam
When death shall close those virgin eyes in sleep.
But, oh, before that longed-for rest shall come,
What pleadings, what farewells, what fiery zeal,
What noise of armies, and what victor cries
Shall shake her soul! nor can betrayal numb
So great a faith, that for her country's weal
Spent in the martyr's flame its last low sighs.

LOUIS XVI

O hapless Louis! in thy veins there ran
The blood of sixty kings, yet France was loth
To do thee homage; court and people both
Fell from thee, and a dark, sinister ban
Lay on thy royal head, O wretched man!
Thou and thy fathers broke the kingly oath,
And cruel hunger made the people wroth,
And passion rose like flame the wind doth fan.
And yet, O blind and halting as thou wert,
Not knowing if to stay, or if to flee,
When danger did but threaten, at the last,
When the loud drums preceding thee proclaimed
Thy death at hand, his spirit lived in thee—
Saint Louis the Crusader was not shamed.

MARIE ANTOINETTE

Thou never to the heart of France wast dear;
An alien woman from the Austrian stem
The people saw in thee; no deep-cut gem
That glittered on thy bosom, might appear
More cold to them than thou; with doubtful
sneer

Mute masses at thy coming did contemn,
With silence, more than speech; and naught to
them,

Thy sovereign grace, or thy most bitter tear.
O Beauteous One to perish in thy prime!
But to the scaffold thou didst walk in pride,
Trampling the griefs that whitened ere the years,
Thy queenly head; sheer courage, like a tide,
Rose in thy breast, so high and so sublime,
Even yet our hearts dilate, too proud for tears.

CHARLOTTE CORDAY LOOKING UPON MARAT

O piteous Charlotte, who shall shrive
Thy soul from this dark stain?
Wash off this plague-spot! lest it rive
Asunder thought and brain!

For this is blood on thy slight hand,
And on the milk-white fold
Across thy breast, and this blue band,
That round thy hair was rolled.

Unknit thy brows from that dull stare,
Fixed in a marble calm!
For he is dead, thy victim there,
Beyond all help or harm.

Marat is dead! see the great hands
Relax; the fierce head falls;
He neither hears nor understands,
Though someone knocks and calls.

Knot up thy hair; it falls abroad,
A shower of golden brown,
Straighten thy bodice; have a care,
Ere they shall fling thee down,

And call thee “murd’ress,” patriot maid;
They rage without the door!
It yields! but thou art not afraid—
Marat fears death no more.

O piteous Charlotte, on thy breast
Forever lies this brand:
“I am of those who dare to wrest
God’s judgments from his hand.”

EUGÉNIE DE GUÉRIN

Gentle and gracious Spirit, come again!
Be with us as we read thy pages rare,
While we fling by the great world's numbing
care,
And on the casement beats the summer rain.
Unveil to us the mystic's joy and pain,
O pure and fervent soul, and let us share,
Though all unmeet, thy thought, thy wingèd
prayer;
Humble and bless our spirits, cold and vain.
Blue skies of Languedoc arch high and deep,
As hand in hand with thee, through meadows
fair,
Hearing thy vibrant voice, we seem to stray;
We shut the book and yet the illusion keep—
A woman fit to grace a court, or wear
The halo of a saint has passed our way.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE

Unto thy faithful heart the summons came
As unto John in Patmos, when so keen
The call came to thee, "Write what thou hast
seen;
Go, waken men that slumber, to the blame
That dims the splendor of their country's
name,
And makes of her a by-word, for I mean
To weigh them in the balance, and between
Their brows to set the signet of their shame."
O Woman-Seer! thou didst write a tale
That woke the stifled conscience, and drew forth
Indignant tears; and pity like a wave
Swept round the world, and in its trail
At last came justice, and the South and North
Saw God within the whirlwind come to save.

LUCY STONE

When twilight falls and all the silver grey
Invites to musing, then I ponder long
Upon life's power and meaning, and a song
Wells from the heart, grateful that such as they,
Strong men and women, faithful to the sway
Of hard, insistent service, moved along
Our foot-worn paths, ennobling all the throng
With lofty standards lifted to the day.
In that high company, a chosen one
Moved on serene in gracious womanhood;
Shriven from self, she had the seer's gaze
To foresee human needs, for not alone
By bread a race may live; she understood
That love with justice, love alone outweighs.

JULIA WARD HOWE

How often, when she entered, did we rise
And stand in waiting hundreds till she passed
Serenely to her place, from whence she cast
Such gracious looks on all around, from eyes
Undimmed as yet by age, so kind, so wise,
That awe mixed with our love, and when at last
Her low voice broke the silence, hearts beat
 fast,
Stirred by the solemn words we hoard and prize!
O Sibyl-eyes! O eloquent white hair!
Ye helped the burning message find its goal
In our true breasts; for not in easeful age
Wast thou content to dwell; thy brooding care
Yearned over all, O mother of the soul
That thou hast wakened to its heritage.

CHARLOTTE BRONTË

Thou, Charlotte Brontë, art more real to me
Than half the Juno-women that I meet;
Thy slender form and shy looks come to greet
Still once again, as in my girlhood free;
I seem to hear thee speak, to live with thee
In thy life-warm creations, that still beat
Even as with thy pulse; and at thy feet
I lay this leaf plucked from the laurel tree.
Thy virile Yorkshire men still stride the moor,
Or play the wizard, or make stormy love;
Thy women, made of fire and dew, still hold
Their wistful charm; however bleak and poor
Thy moorland home, it brought us wealth above
Thy dreams, dear Charlotte, or the miser's gold.

EMILY BRONTË

O, Spirit-maid, life ebbs and flows, and still
The wonder lasts, a girl's white soul could know
The urge of headlong passion, and the woe,
When man's fierce heart disdains both good and
ill;

But even if you guessed it from the thrill
Of storied page, who gave you power to throw
Such glamor round it, that our hearts beat low,
Almost in fear, and all against our will?

The moors long waited for your footstep light,
That hardly crushed the heather where it fell;
They missed the vision of sweet maiden grace,
Rose-like, transparent cheek, and figure slight;
You came no more your eerie dreams to tell,
For Genius drew you to her own embrace.

CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON

In some green field of asphodel,
Beside a blue and placid stream,
Thou liest asleep, in lovely dream
Of music from some far-off bell.

When thou shalt waken from that sleep,
In the bright presence at thy side,
Behold an angel, come to guide
And lead thee up a flowery steep.

Oh, he shall discourse tenderly,
And shed a glory in his glance,
And thou shalt listen in a trance,
As we have listened unto thee.

Then he shall tell of mystic things,
While more majestic grows his face,
Till soaring into light and space,
He bears thee on with shining wings.

TO LADY GREGORY

Artist! no need hast thou of all the pride
Of storied castles, long-drawn galleries,
Hung with escutcheons, showing forth the rise
Of some great race from pictured knights that
 ride

Forever into battle, sword on side;
Nor yet these haughty ladies, from whose eyes
The light yet seems to sparkle, while their guise
Of nymph or shepherdess is all belied.

No gawds like these; a cabin poor and bare,
A table set with delf, a low peat fire,
A child, a vagrant with a voice of gold,
The tragic silence of a steep, worn stair,
A folk-song with old words that never tire—
Mid these, thy flower of genius doth unfold.

THE MADONNA OF THE CHAIR

To A. C. F.

Serene young mother, with thy rosy boy,
 Pressed to thy breast! thy meekly parted hair,
Thy tranquil eyes, thy look of softened joy,
 Remind me of that Holy Mother fair.

Thy graceful head down-bending to the child,
 In eloquence of tenderness and care,
Thy lovely level brows, thine aspect mild,
 Recall the dear Madonna of the Chair.

TO M. F. W. H.

1913

Within the measured sonnet's metred round,
Let me embalm thy memory aright,
Thy classic face, thine earnest eyes alight
With sympathy; the zeal that never found
A task too hard; thy loyalty as sound
As tempered steel; thy more than woman's
might

To crush thy griefs far down and out of sight,
That thou in ministries might more abound.
What though to thee 'twere easier to lead
Than wait to follow? When so plain the path
Lay through the golden grain of some wide field
Ripe to the sickle, thou wert glad indeed
To lead the way; our love is aftermath
Of thine own life, the later harvest-yield.

TO E. M. L.

With light and graceful movements, and sweet eyes,
And hair that rippled to a classic coil,
In youth thou look'dst a being that might foil
The deep designs that Time might yet devise;
He wore thy strength with every test that tries,
With care, with grief, with ease, with earnest toil;
But that staunch woman-heart he could not spoil:
He could but make thee yet more brave and wise.
Thy buoyant mien hath vanished long ago;
Pain traces a light network on thy brow;
Thy beauty is but shadow-like and faint.
Yet, though the waning fires of life burn low,
Still to thine own, guide and protectress, thou!
We know not which to call thee, "friend," or "saint."

COURAGE

IN MEMORIAM—MAVIS H——

O Courage, let men joy in thy high heart,
That scorns at craven fear, and waves a hand
Of glad compliance, when by sea or land
War summons them; they fear no dart
Of lightning from the ships, and seek their part
Where danger is the surest; crave command
To fill some gap, and like a wall to stand
Facing a stormy death, and so depart.

But braver still than these, who match their
powers
Against the fire and steel, when Honor calls
So loud in trumpet tones, are those, I deem,
That years cannot defeat with Pain; in hours
Of sullen night, no gloom or doubt appalls,
They smile at Death! oh, victory supreme!

A GREETING TO BROWNING LOVERS

Lovers of Robert Browning, could we praise
Our Poet-Master in a dreamy verse,
That born and steeped in music, might re-
hearse

His mighty genius, building phrase on phrase,

He scarce would thank us; for the victor bays
Are green about his brow, and no reverse
Can ever dim them: fame howe'er perverse,
No more can vex him with her long delays.

O, let us feel like him the joy of life;
The throstle's singing and the hawthorne
flower
Cheered his whole soul, and nothing mean or
sad

Made him despair that man shall rise through
strife;
“God's in his heaven!” we will not flinch or
cower,
So shall we make the Heart of Browning glad.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

I

Not from the "Portuguese," O Lady, nay,
Despite the languorous eyes, the oval face,
The heavy clustering hair, no southern race
Bare thee upon its stem, for the deep play
Of all thy rhythmic pulses did betray
An English-hearted woman, with no trace
Of Latin blood; yet more than Latin grace
Breathed in thy song, winging its upward way.
But English ivies, and the hollow sound
Of waves that lash the cliffs were not more dear
To thee, O singer, than dark olive trees,
Or fair Italian cities, clustering round
Blue shimmering bays where one must ever
hear
Deep breathings of the ocean stretched at ease.

II

Though grace and beauty wove for thee a spell
So deep and constant, yet thou couldst not rest

In their enchantment, for within thy breast
There beat so high a heart that naught befell
Mankind, in palace or in prison cell,
And found thee passive; and thine interest
Was sometimes passion; for the burden pressed
On hapless childhood fell on thee as well.
But not in those weak tears that women shed
Didst thou show pity; no, not even for these,
And not for giant wrongs Italia bore;
But thou didst fuse thy soul in words that sped,
Fire-tipped and scathing, o'er a waste of seas,
To stir the heart of England to its core.

ON THE BRONZE CLASPED HANDS OF
ROBERT AND ELIZABETH
BARRETT BROWNING

O, Poet-hands, so closely clasping there
In that mute, shining bronze, that shall outlast
Great centuries to be and, holding fast,
Reveal to stranger eyes a love more fair,
More even-weighted for each heart to share,
Than any classic poet of the past
Has sung to us, in mood however vast,
Teach then, as now, clasped hands, that love is
prayer.

And when this bronze in farther ages still,
Lies ruined, low, shattered in golden dust,
Then shall the love it storied forth so long,
Smiling at Death and Time, move to fulfil
Its spacious task, moulding in joyous trust
Sublimer purpose in sublimer song.

SONNET ON BROWNING'S MASTERPIECE
"THE RING AND THE BOOK"

O Ring, no slender, narrow circlet thou!
Enwrought thou liest firm and massive there,
Welded of virgin gold; some craftsman rare
Enriched thee thus, mayhap for marriage vow.

Old Yellow Book, the centuries allow
A thousand readers, and but one aware
Thou hadst a soul; when in that Florence
square

* The wind of inspiration swept his brow:

Behold, O ye the Poet's voice awakes,
Another Ring, from gold was never mined,
To guard his Singer's "golden verse," he said;

Another Book, which tells that morning breaks,
With Phosphor-star of Truth, for human-
kind;

This Ring and Book, forever shall be wed.

* "A spirit laughs and leaps through every limb,
And lights my eye, and lifts me by the hair."

BROWNING SAID OF "THE RING AND THE BOOK:"

"It lives, if precious be the soul of man to man."

O thou Great Soul, with what a joyous beat
The heart still throbs at thine exultant cry,
For thou art not of those that would deny
To Genius, even thine own, the largess meet;
It was not thine to taste the lulling sweet
Of early praise; for long did men decry
The greatness of thy powers, but for reply,
At last, Fame cast her laurels at thy feet.

"If precious be the soul of man to man,
It lives"; what though the centuries forget
It's crowding details, as the English plod
Forever forward in Heaven's unknown plan:
"It lives"; its truth shall be immortal yet,
If precious be the soul of man to *God*.

THE MAGDALEN

He sat in Simon's house, a slighted guest,
No kiss upon his cheek, no ointment brought
To soothe the weary head, heavy with thought,
No water for the feet so soon to rest;
And then she came, the Magdalen, confessed
A sinner, and poured out the spikenard, bought
At so great price, upon his feet, and caught
Her breath in sobs that shook her grateful
breast.

Then to the cynic Pharisee, Christ told,
With noble gestures, as when one commands,
The story of the debtors; all the feast
Delayed to hear the moving tale unfold;
Proud Simon drooped his head upon his hands,
When that stained woman rose, from sin released.

TO A WOMAN SEEN ON THE STREET

O thou marred face! and wast thou e'er
Lighted with girlhood's smile,
Those heavy-lidded eyes, once fair,
Before they knew this guile?

What can we say to thy maimed soul,
O wreck of sisterhood?
Thy scornful smile accepts no dole;
Hate is thy daily food.

We dare not judge thee, piteous one,
We women safe in fold;
We know not how thy tears have run,
From eyes now over-bold.

We only know thy straying feet
Must sometime find the way,
For God knows nothing of defeat,
In all that seems delay.

THE WINGS OF NIGHT ARE SPREAD

A light wind stirs, and night broods o'er the earth,

That seems at last to sink to sleep, and here, Slumber more sweet than Hybla's honey, lays

A spell on all my dearest and they dream,

Forgetting that the day will come again;

Rest, O my heart, the wings of night are spread.

I see thee, O my mother, full of years,

I mark the chiselled beauty of thy face,

The silken hair, parted like silver wings,

On the low brow so lined with grief and care,

Thou lookst an agèd Queen lying in state,

Rest thee, dear Heart, the wings of night are spread.

Gently I ope this door, lest I awake

The husband and the father from his rest;

Peaceful his brow, his stalwart frame relaxed,

One massive hand lies nerveless on his breast,

The hand that fends between the world and us,

Sleep, O Belovèd, thine and mine sleep too.

And at the children's doors I linger long,
Ye sleep to-night beneath your father's roof;
How know I what huge distance calls you forth
Within the coming years, what other hearths
Shall win you from us! Ye are ours to-night;
Rest, O my heart, the wings of night are spread.

What can I wish thee better, dearest ones,
Than balmy sleep after the eager day;
Within my heart I fold ye all, and now
Mine eyelids droop, my pillow waits for me,
Sleep calls me, too; again, Good-night, Good-
night;
Rest, O my heart, the wings of night are spread.

IN THE EVENING OF LIFE

Dearest, not far before us lies
The parting of the ways,
As one by one, the sunset skies
Close on these golden days.

I pray that I may be the one
To 'scape a numbing woe;
To leave my task, though crudely done
And fold my hands and go.

And yet, and yet, how could I bear
To leave thee all the pain?
Ah me, to choose I may not dare,
Though choosing is but vain.

* * * * *

Be still, my heart! for he is called,
The tender and the wise;
Hush! make no moan! but sit enthralled;
He walks in Paradise.

SEARCHING FOR GOD

Illimitable Water, stretching dim,
To that far line where sky and ocean meet,
With tireless waves that hurry and retreat,
Dost thou know God? My sorrow seeketh him.

And thou, O Mountain, lifting to the sky,
Thy silent forests in the amber air,
That Springtime twilight sheds, divinely fair,
Dost thou know God? Grief longs for thy reply.

They did but answer, cautiously and slow,
"He made us, Mortal, therefore go in peace;
We know not sorrow, no, nor yet surcease;
Our task, to watch the ages come and go."

But, O the City Streets! the Human Tide!
The crowds of men and women, proud or mean,
Unlocked the sluices of a faith so keen,
I knew God there, I felt Him at my side!

“THY WILL BE DONE”

O grief-worn Son of God, upon thy head
The stars of night a pitying watch did keep,
While near at hand, but sunk in selfish sleep,
Thy friends lay prone, unheeding as the dead.
But when the yielding will within thee said:
“Thy will be done!” thou heardst the sweep
Of angel wings, and from the awful steep
Of sheer despair, thy feet were backward led;
So wast thou comforted; and yet, how hard—
Yea, even now, though thou hast shown the
way—

To conquer grief, for us to smite the breast,
And trample self upon the barren shard,
And cry, “Thy will be done!” O blessed they
Who can submit, for so shall they find rest.

THE LYRE

Now all the more, this slender lyre of mine,
Of so few strings and all so seldom used,
Its tone of late with sorrow interfused,
Shall still ring true and sing of things divine;
Of Truth that knows no change and no decline,
Of Faith that cannot falter or refuse,
Of Love that triumphs, though it seem to lose,
Of Hope that faints not while one star shall shine.
And when my lyre shall sing of these high themes,
My fingers shall not tremble on the strings,
For I have naught to do with coward fears;
Humility makes bold; and yet, meseems,
Although my life is fed from hidden springs,
I must have time to staunch these blinding tears.

THE FATHER-HEART

W. L. C.

1845-1915

His was the Father-Heart that blessed us then,
With that high nature of abounding cheer
And central strength, incapable of fear;
Not quailing at the death of well-loved men,
But living in a trust beyond the ken
Even of his own poised soul; and holding dear
Each man and woman; and forever clear
Of mean suspicion in his word and pen.
But we, his dearest, cannot well extol—
We fear to wound his sacred memory,
With lavish words, that seek to phrase
His charity and nobleness of soul;
For somehow, still, his gentle dignity,
With finger on his lip, forbids our praise.

MY TASKS

The years crowd on me, and the well-loved task
Slips from my hand, no longer needing me;
No longer children, leaning on my knee,
Tax wisdom with the questions that they ask;
No more in the warm sunshine may we bask,
And talk again of bird, and flower, and bee;
Nor read the poets, nor in history
See kingdoms crumbling, when the great un-
mask.

No more to thee, Belovèd, am I now,
Thine other eyesight, in advancing years,
For thou hast passed, and left me here alone;
But I am needed to fulfil a vow
The spirit makes, that though Faith yield to
tears,
It shall not waver, or be overthrown.

THE HOME

November, 1915

The home, that through long years was dear to
me,
Still lies all bathed in sunshine, as of old;
Yet silence makes the very walls seem cold,
That once responded to the minstrelsy,
Of flute-like voice and viol, that could free
The spirit from its cares; O, all untold
The worth of olden hours! as manifold
In gifts as fruit upon a lavish tree.
The father and the son, at twilight time,
Sat side by side and gravely talked,
Enwrapped in a companionship profound;
And then, the evening lamp, the book sublime,
When "gentle Shakespeare entered" and we
walked
With Kings and Queens upon enchanted ground.

TRUTH

And what is Truth? It is the primal word
The morning stars sang in the heavenly space,
When on their axes rolled, they found their
place,
As the vast universe in order stirred.

Truth is the naked fact, whispered unheard,
Or cried upon the housetop, with no trace
Of e'er so slight alloy, even for grace;
The martyrs died to keep it all unblurred.

And he who would to perfect truth attain,
Must be as single-hearted as a child,
Turning aside from lure of privilege,
Or passionate pursuit of any gain;
Of measured golden speech, serene and mild,
More potent than the sword of double-edge.

FAITH

Faith is the strength in which we dare to say:
O bitter Grief, thou shalt not break my heart,
For truly I am stronger than thou art;
Thou canst not altogether have thy way;
For if I cannot praise, I yet can pray,
And this will pour a balm upon thy smart,
And I will rule thee, since we may not part,
And thou shalt grow more tender, day by day.

Faith is the strength in which men dare to die,
Walking the fiery path the martyrs trod,
Seeking with joy their uttermost to give,
In a blind trust, nor ever asking why;
But unto us give greater strength, O God!
Give us the strength by which we dare to *live*.

LOVE

Although I seek unto the farthest line,
Where thought and speech may mingle, for a
word

As musical as those the forest heard,
When Orpheus smote his silver lyre divine,
The search is vain; Love's essence seems too fine
To prison in the bars of speech; unheard
Its footfall light; oft-times the heart strings
stirred

As by a harper's hand, it's only sign.
And yet, Love's music is the common tongue
That men and angels speak; the simplest word
Befits it best, all chosen speech above:
Say, therefore, "Love is life"; it breathes among
Immortal heights, and there it is averred,
By the most holy Saints, that *God* is love.

HOPE

O sovereign Hope, not as we pictured thee,
A woman-shape, ethereally slight,
With wide eyes, beaming with a steady light,
Up-pointing hands, and tresses floating free—
Oh, no, not so thou seemest now to be;
A strong man-angel, thou, with looks of might,
A star upon thy front, wings made for flight
Into high Heaven, yet leaning unto me—
And in thy clasp, no emblem of thy power,
No scroll with promise of a future good,
That Life, some dream-like, far-off day, may
give;
But, parting with thine hands, from hour to
hour,
The saving manna of a daily food—
The bread by which, indeed, our souls may live.

BEYOND THE VEIL

RECOGNITION

Oh, then, after the “Is it thou?” “And thou?”
The clasping hands, the hush and eloquence
Of that first silence, in the rapt suspense!
No need of any spoken word or vow,
Leaning with cheek to cheek, and brow to brow;
Till thou, at last, “Before thou camest hence,
How fared it with thee in that world of sense?
Tell me; thou wilt forget, an hour from now.”
Then I, “Belovèd, all was well, although
I felt an ache in every stretching field,
And my old trick of laughter was forgot;
All was not gloom, for all men seemed to know
And love thee; and their tearful praise did yield
Dew to my heart—although thou heardst it not.”

SORROW ASLEEP

Sleep, Sorrow, cradled in my breast!
Peace! do not wake! my foot is light,
And careful not to break thy rest;
My woman's hand is fine and slight,
And it shall lie above thy nest,
And brood and hush thee in the night.
Sleep, Sorrow, cradled in my breast!

THOU KNOWEST

“Thou knowest”: this is sometimes all our
prayer;

Thou knowest: let us leave with Thee our care;

Thou knowest: all the bitterness of grief;

Thou knowest: the deep calm of Thy relief.

COMRADES

Sometime, I know this heart-deep verse I writ
To share mine own, without a thought of fear,
Will touch some unknown woman-soul and
 knit
Her heart to mine, as to a comrade dear.

IN THE TROLLEY CAR

The swart Italian in the trolley car,
 Hoarded his children in his arms and breast;
The mother, all unheeding, sat afar,
 Her splendid eyes were vague, her lips com-
 pressed.

One Raphael-boy slipped from his father's knee,
 Climbed to her side, and gently stroked her
 cheek,
She turned away, and would not hear his plea,
 She turned away, and would not even speak.

With trembling lips the child crept back again
 To the warm shelter of his father's breast;
We looked indignant pity, for till then
 We thought that mother-love bore every test.

We rose to go, the father-mother said,
 In deep, low tones, "Don' t'inka hard, you
 bet
The younges' was too-seeck, and he is *dead*,
 She will be alla right, when she forget."

When she forgets! "Great-Heart," hold closer
yet

Thy precious brood and let it feel no lack!
Until her soul shall wake, but not forget,
When the warm tides of love come surging
back.

IN A MUSIC HALL

Let us speak low, this place is dedicate
To thee, Euterpè, goddess of the lyre,
Thou that canst wake from dreams, and urge
 with fire,
The drooping soul, to strive anew with fate.

Ah, sweet Euterpè, soften thou the pain
 Of bitter losses, and of brooding care;
 Then fling a joyous strain upon the air,
And youthful hearts shall dance to thy refrain.

MOUNT VICTORIA AT SUNRISE

LAKE LOUISE, ALBERTA

Victoria, Queen Mountain! all night long
The stars have looked upon thy state, and seen
Thy pure white mantle folded on thy breast,
And thy proud head lifting its snowy crown
Into the steel-cold heaven, as Sovereign there.
But lo! the starlight pales! Dawn cometh now!
A rosy veil spreads over thy white robes;
Again the sun begins his age-long suit,
And claims thy crown; but oh, how virginal
Art thou, O most austere, yet lovely one!
Thou wilt not own him Lord, Empress of Snows!
Thou art not lonely, no; thy sisters twain,
Deep-bosomed mountains, wait on either hand,
To do thee homage as the fairest one—
Dense-wooded at the base, their sunny slopes
Shimmer with velvet grass, although so stern
Their awful foreheads.
The wondrous crystal lake, lies at thy feet,
A liquid emerald, where thou and thine
May see the pictured image of thy loveliness.

A light wind whispers, and a deeper green
Seems poured upon the waters, pool on pool;
It breathes more freshly, and the crested waves
Hurry upon the shore with eager sounds—
But thou, Sublime Victoria, keep'st thy state
In an unchanging silence, save for that
Low, mellow thunder of the avalanche.

WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY AT SUNSET

St. Louis, October, 1914

Not Oxford's "dreaming spires," nor any pile
Where learning holds her treasures to her breast,
Excels thy grandeur, when the lavish West
Pours forth her crimson billows mile on mile.
O sunset glory! linger yet awhile,
And drench with color the long walls, and crest
The castellated towers with fire, and rest,
Ere night shall lead thee down her long defile.
Queen Mother!—so shall thy children call thee—
Sitting in state upon thy wind-swept hill,
Aware of waking fame, abide and grow;
Beckon thine own, and gather at thy knee
New generations, steadfast to fulfil
Thy lofty hopes, while sunsets come and go.

AUTUMN TWILIGHT

Twilight falls soft upon the village street;
The amber in the west, pales into grey;
The hollow wind that whirled the leaves all day,
Sank with the dying sun, and its retreat,
Is followed by a quiet as complete,
As in some minster where men come to pray,
For not one passer walks upon the way,
Worn by the long slow years and many feet.
Brief silence! for ye shall behold them now,
The men that labor, coming from afar,
Stooping, thick-set and strong; and their slow
pace,
Tells that their strength is spent at forge and
plough;
One sees, from his low doorway, like a star,
A light flash out, above a welcoming face.

LATE AUTUMN

Meadows, deep-billowed with dun waving grass,
Stretch to dun woods, where the white birches
lift

Imploring arms, and round their knees, a drift
Of tangled bronze, fills up the narrow pass;
And still beyond, dun fields, with trees a mass
Of brown and deadened leaves; but through a
rift,

Now shines an afterglow, that seems a gift
Of beauty thrown away on this morass.

But see! in that far orchard's ling'ring green,
A human touch, that makes the eyes o'erflow;
What patient toil lavished on those young trees
By hardened hands, and to what end is seen:
The little home, its windows now aglow,
Made all that labor sweeter far than ease.

THE HATE OF HATE

Brave English, do ye not remember well
That aged Singer, whom we count so great,
Chanted the “scorn of scorn,” the “hate of
hate,”

Though this stern time, he could not then fore-
tell?

Let “hate of hate,” be as a warning bell,
Sounding till the vast tumult shall abate;
If it be true we half command our fate,
And half deserve, O Brothers, choose not hell.
The “hate of hate,” high words for him who
dares,

Huddled in the deep trenches, wet and cold,
Poising his gun upon the clayey sod,
And blenching not, when the grim shell outflares;
He grips his task—sheer duty keeps him bold—
He dares not *hate*, there in the sight of God!

CALL ME NOT YET

Call me not yet, from this Thy wayward world,
Not that I fear to leave the company
Of mountain heights, nor the serenity
Of new-waked morning, with her dews impearled,
Or fleets of homing ships, with sails unfurled,
Or present friends, or those of memory,
Or dearest kin, or poignant harmony;
Call me not yet from out Thy wayward world.
Call me not hence, until the warring hosts
Are hushed to peace; until the costly flesh,
Shaped in the womb of woman, is not cast
As waste upon a field of crowding ghosts;
Ah God! the charge is on, and men enmesh,
And crush, and shatter, and the hell-fires blast!

“ONLY THE BEST OF LIFE”

To G. C. H.

1851-1910

My Brother, dost thou turn on that far shore,
Gazing as out to sea, back to our earth,
And note the mad confusion, and the dearth
That straitens nations; and heard'st thou the
 roar
Of mighty shells, that mowed down men, and
 tore
The front of Rheims, and crumpled age and
 birth,
Into the clay? What then were Heaven worth!
Thy blessedness were marred forevermore.
Ah no, no murmur of this Titan-strife,
 Shall mar thy peace; thy memory, perhaps,
 Records no pain, and only conscious seems
Of noble friendships, and the best of life,
 Trust, love, warm-hearted laughter, and the
 lapse
Of fruitful years, all-golden, as in dreams.

“THE LUSITANIA”

I

Go forth, O noble Ship, and bear along
A little world, hidden in thy deep breast,
Of men and women, babes to bosom pressed,
And children singing stray notes of a song;
For there are statesmen in that varied throng,
Writers and artists following their behest,
And there are lovers at life's topmost crest,
And many bronzèd sailors, tall and strong.
Our blessing on thee, O majestic Ship!
Take all these precious human lives to port,
For what are black and sudden storms to thee?
Thou wilt but smile, as at their childish sport,
So safe, so strong, thou feelst thyself to be.

II

O Ship, what aileth thee? What giant shock
Hath made thee quiver, and thy funnels veer
From their proud lines, to dip as if in fear?

And why do men pour forth, and call, and knock
At every door, and loose the boats, and block
The way of all return, and tie the gear
Of life-belts onto others, careless here
Of their own lives, these men of hero-stock?
And mothers clasp their babies in their arms,
While wide-eyed children cling about their knees.
No man or woman quails; fear has no room;
They are beyond the reach of all alarms;
The mighty ship is staggering in the seas,
And with a roaring plunge goes to her doom.

III

Farewell! farewell! deep ocean's oozy floor
Must pillow every head, for there they lie,
Done to their death; and yet, they cannot die—
In spite of surge, and all the deep uproar
Of sullen billows, they have reached the shore
Of all true hearts: we seem to hear them cry:
“Remember, oh remember, from the Sky
Our vengeance cometh; weep for us no more.”
And now we sing their praise, and tell how Fame
Had loved their names, could they with us have
stayed
A few more years to make some rich bequest—

Immortal deeds, or words set all aflame;
Done to their death; yet they had sovereign
aid,
For Thou, Lord God, hast drawn them to thy
breast.

RUSSIA

Colossal Russia, latest of the lands
To spurn the yoke! How long its weight has
pressed

Upon thy giant shoulders! Hast thou guessed
Thy strength at last, and broke the iron bands
The monarchs forged, as they were ropes of
sand?

Remember ye that Ivan! guard Thee, lest
His brood with subtle promise, may infest
The wav'ring soldiery he understands.

O, Russia of the steppes of flowers and wheat,
O Russia of the frozen plains and seas,
Russia of cities, and the bloody clod
Of those Siberian wastes; may no defeat,
Fall on thy banners rippling in the breeze,
That blows upon Thee from the hills of God!

AT LAST

I

At last, belovèd Country, oh, at last,
Thy grave words flouted, now gird on thy
sword!
Else thou should'st seem but vassal to that
lord
That strangles Belgium, and holds her fast,
That crushes Serbia, although aghast,
The world cries out: "No tyrant reigns afford
A tale of such black wrongs; no blood out-
poured,
Cries out so loud to Heaven from the past!"

Columbia, O Belovèd, O sublime,
Colossal in thy patience as thy strength,
Thou canst endure no more; what, is the sea,
The highway of the nations through all time,
Forbidden thee, except the tether-length
The haughty war-lord now metes out to thee!

II

Our Country, O Columbia, how grand
Thy woman-stature, how magnificent
Thy crown of throbbing stars, how eloquent
Thy speech, that even aliens understand!
For thou dost stoop and take them by the hand,
Thy foster-children, for thy care is spent
Upon us all; and we are brothers blent
In one obedience, once thou shalt command.

Goddess and Mother! call unto us now,
And we will answer with a mighty cry,
From mountain unto mountain, sea to sea;
Send thy ships forth, thy hand upon each prow!
We are thy sons, proud so to live or die,
On some far field, as not unworthy Thee.

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